

The Times-Dispatch

DAILY-WEEKLY-SUNDAY.

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TUESDAY, JULY 12, 1910.

GLAD TO SEE YOU, PARTNERS.

According to the last edition of the American Newspaper Directory we have it hand, there are two hundred and fifty newspapers and periodicals published in Virginia, including thirty-two daily, two tri-weekly, nine semi-weekly, one hundred and sixty-three weekly, one fortnightly, two semi-monthly, thirty-six monthly, two bi-monthly and three quarterly publications. The places of publication are one hundred and twenty-four, of which twenty are county seats. These publications are, speaking generally, of high order of merit and represent in an admirable way the sentiment and purposes of the people of this great Commonwealth. Many of these newspapers have small circulations, but they yield a great power for good in the State. They stand for every phase of thought and for every interest in the State, each in its own field doing its appointed task, and doing it oftentimes with scant appreciation.

The Virginia State Press Association will meet in this city this afternoon and organize for the business of the annual convention, which will be transacted about, away from the tumult of the town, in still waters, running between shady banks of living green, as the fleet moves down the rivers and through the bays of an inviting country. It is understood that little business of a serious character will be attempted while the brethren and sisters are in Richmond, the programme for this day being intended only to put the members on edge for the several working days just ahead. It goes without saying that the Association is welcome to Richmond, gentlemen and ladies all. They will find that Richmond is growing bigger and better every day, thanks to their interest in its good fortune and their helpful words of friendly cheer. By the last issue the Association numbered about 135 members—publishers and editors, townsmen and upstairs artists, friends and fellow-citizens, the thoughtful residents of the State, with the Association as a sort of settling basin, so to say, in which, and through which, all differences are shaken down at least once a year.

The Association does not attempt to interfere with the business affairs or with the religious or political views of its members. Its purpose is higher and better than that—the creation of good feeling among the best people in the world, the discovery of a common ground on which they can meet for the benefit of the State, which is in the heart of every true man and woman in Virginia. The mean things that we may say about each other in the heat of debate, in the stress of exciting political campaigns, in the advocacy of certain pet ideas or theories, from time to time, do not count at these annual gatherings, and by mingling together in generous spirit we may all catch new and better inspiration for such arduous work as we shall have to do in the months and years to come. It is "blest be the tie that binds" to-day, and to-morrow, and until the present tryst shall end, and we may all say that the Association will make its start from Richmond this year; it is a good place to start from; it is a better place to come to.

WISDOM FROM EGYPT.

One of our Washington exchanges has recently printed some extracts from letters written by young Egyptians who are striving with the mysteries of the English language. These are all very interesting as marvels in the way of grammatical distortion, but in one of them at least there is a grain of political philosophy worth considering. The paper in question is part of an examination written by a school boy, describing the growth of man from infancy to old age. After saying that a boy is "borned mindless," and goes through a dreary course of examinations only to enter the technical school, he concludes that after the student has been graduated "he can marriage and then stay in the serve of his country till he neither die or the government turns him out." We do not know whether this young scholar is a sort of an Egyptian Mark Twain or not, and consequently cannot tell whether this is satire or serious philosophy, but we congratulate him upon giving the world a political maxim. He has stated the facts as well as they can be stated. When a man has equipped himself for the government service, or thinks he has equipped himself, he feels that his future is assured. Only grim death or political upheaval can unseat him.

Our young Egyptian philosopher may not know it, but there are thousands of such men in the United States. They never resign, and never think of resigning; they do as little work as they can for the greatest possible pay; they live almost a century, in some

cases, and they regard their political offices as their personal property. There was a time, we might inform this son of the Pharaohs, when men held different views. A good man whose hand appears in the Constitution of Virginia and in the Constitution of the United States said something about offices not being set apart for any particular men, but he wrote a long time ago, before the world became enlightened. Offices now are not for the many, but for the few, and the few who get them never give them up.

NOT SO BAD AS IT LOOKS.

There were frequent fluctuations in the stock market last week, and in many issues, we are gravely informed by Financial America, "which has absorbed the Wall Street Summary," new low levels for the year were established. "The continued marking down of values was accompanied by a more intense degree of apprehension than has existed at any previous time during the year. The investing public and the speculative interests often committed to the bull side have been forced out of the market, not by the decline in prices, but by the weakening of confidence in the stability of stocks and bonds, which have been referred to for years in Wall Street phraseology as 'securities.'"

That looks bad, of course, but when read in connection with the "note" of our contemporary, "could it be possible that the Paris flood is caused by the volume of water lately squeezed out of American securities?" one is half inclined to believe that the foundations of our commercial and industrial prosperity have not been greatly disturbed by the violent fluctuations of the last week. At least, we find much reason for comfort in other statements of our contemporary showing that just to the extent that Wall Street has become apprehensive, the rest of the country is going along about its business.

In the mercantile trades, for example, during this week of flurry and worry, "business got back into its customary lively swing." There were "good shipments of lumber and an improving movement in coal." "Collections were reported satisfactory in all lines." There was an increase of nearly \$10,000,000 in the surplus of the banks. The cotton market advanced. The Government report on wheat was "sensationally bullish." There was "increased activity in oil." There was very little change in the metal markets. "A prominent Wall Street interest" believes that the market will show a distinct improvement from this time on, and "within the last few days there have been more inquiries, if not actual orders, from outsiders regarding the intrinsic value and market possibilities of a considerable number of standard as well as the so-called low-priced railroad and industrial issues than has been noticed at any time since the severe decline in prices started some months ago."

All this is very interesting to a tender-foot who has never gone into the market; that is to say, rarely ever, and would not know how to get out once he got in, as it must be encouraging to those who got squeezed last week. The country was never more prosperous—that is what we say, and somehow, or other it will work out with its credit unimpaired and its "securities" worth all they can earn.

SLOWLY, BUT SURELY.

Wherever there is a campaign for good roads a score of people will be found who will say: "It's all newspaper talk. Nothing will come of it." The immediate results of such campaigns in many cases would seem to justify such an opinion, but the ultimate effect of agitation for better thoroughfares in the Old Dominion has been, in most cases, a definite and practical movement for the carrying out of this much to be desired reform. Rarely is the seed sown in vain.

Careful examination of the newspapers reveals the fact that interest in good roads has not subsided. In a single day, for instance, reports were printed about good roads movements in Mecklenburg, Henrico and Wise. It is interesting to note, has authorized the construction of four miles of road on the old Charles City county road leading out of Richmond, the cost to be \$6,000.

"Wise, considering her wealth, probably has the poorest roads of any county in the State, and people are asking why this should be so. The meeting at Wise is likely to be the beginning of better things in the way of roads," observes one of our contemporaries in that county. The statement has unusual significance, for Wise County was not reached by the good roads campaign carried on by The Times-Dispatch. Wise has simply caught the echo of what has been said in other counties and has decided to take up good roads reform on its own initiative. It goes to show that the movement is spreading, and is another sign that in our own good time we shall have better thoroughfares throughout the Commonwealth.

PLAY BALL, OR QUIT.

There must be something radically wrong with the umpire situation in the Virginia League. Home teams and home rooters are prone to protest and complain and some allowance must be made for this natural tendency. Especially is this true when a close decision may decide a game and that game change the standing of the clubs in the percentage column. So long as there is baseball there will be protests against the umpires. We must expect that, just as we must expect a great many complaints which are not justified by the facts. But there seems to be general complaint, that, of itself, should demand an investigation by the league officials. The Times-Dispatch is not prepared, of course, to say with any degree of judicial au-

thority whether the umpires on the one hand and the players and the public on the other are at fault. Certainly, however, this fact ought not to be difficult of solution. If Davis and Mace and the others are at fault, by all means they ought to be scolded; if they are not, then some of the players who are continually howling should be released. There has been enough rough ball in the Virginia League.

THE YELLOW STREAK.

Brother David M. Ramsay preached an excellent sermon at the Grace Street Baptist Church Sunday night, in which he discussed "The Pulpit, the Press and Sensationalism." We liked it, not because he spared the Press, which he did not, but because he seemed to take a fair view of the pulpit. As we have said, "the yellow streak runs not less through the press than through the people," and "the shame of the Press is that it has catered to the worst tendencies of a corrupt and malodorous age." For instance, it has printed sermons that ought not to have been delivered because it thought the people would like to read them, sermons that took the lid off social sinks and that were "powerful," not because of their grace, but because of their smell.

This is one of the weaknesses of the press universal that is freely admitted by the newspaper makers themselves, and there is no preacher who has said, or who could say, harder things about this unworthy feature of journalism than the journalists themselves have said. We are pleased, therefore, that at least one voice has been found in the pulpit brave enough to say about the pulpit what it would be regarded as sacrilege for one of the unanointed to say, or even to think. It pleases God by the foolishness of preaching to save men, not by the preaching of foolishness, as the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot cleverly paraphrased the Scripture a week or so ago. This was the thought Dr. Ramsay evidently had in mind when he said: "Why should a man say in the pulpit before a mixed crowd of young men and women what any gentleman would not say to a group of young people in his parlor, where his own daughter is present? Here, as in journalism, we must not yield to the temptation to give what the people, or what some part of them, want, but rather what they need, not what will please, but what will ennoble."

That was well said. It was not said with apologies to the press, because none could be made; but with apologies for the pulpit, that its proper function is forgotten when it is made the medium of saying to mixed congregations what would not be said amidst the refinements of home. We would not think of preaching to the pulpit, and we rejoice whenever the pulpit preaches to the press in the right spirit; but the pulpit surely cannot object when one of its own ministers speaks so plainly as Brother Ramsay spoke Sunday night.

THE RECOVERY OF RIPLEY.

President E. P. Ripley of the Santa Fe System of railroads is "on the mend." A little while ago, it will be recollected, he uttered Jeremiahian words when the Inter-State Commerce Commission cut the freight rates in the West, and, when old Taft clubbed the roads into agreement with him on the subject, Mr. Ripley was on the point of throwing up the sponge, or calling for the towel, that being the latest thing in the sporting world. The railroads could not stand it; they would have to go out of business; if the Government intended to interfere with the administration of their affairs, the Government ought to take them over and run them in its own way, and so on.

Mr. Ripley has caught his second wind, however, and last Friday when the Santa Fe declared its quarterly stock dividend, he was almost cheerful about the situation. The condition of the crops is very satisfactory, and "I look forward to a large year's business," says Mr. Ripley. "General business is increasing; our gross earnings have increased month by month." During the eleven months of the fiscal year, ending with May the gross earnings of the system increased from \$86,163,215 to \$96,534,164. During the same period the net earnings fell off from \$30,338,308 to \$28,357,164, so that it will be seen that the Santa Fe, although it is going ahead at a tremendous pace, is still falling behind. Notwithstanding this condition, Mr. Ripley, speaking for the Atchison itself, expressed the opinion that the recent rate decision "will not be very disastrous." "The effect of this decision itself," he explained, "is not so bad, but how far the precedent will affect the situation in the future cannot be judged."

That puts a somewhat different face on things, meanwhile discounting the trustworthiness of Mr. Ripley's opinions on whatever side he may express them. Why is it that he and others of his kind will persist in throwing the whole country into fits about the rate of the railroads when not so much harm has been done after all?

MOTOR CAR LUNACY.

Common sense and common experience would seem to supply all the necessary arguments against the nuisance caused by the needless noises made by motor cars, especially in the dead hours of night when most of the common people are asleep. The clinking rattle, though, is forced by Dr. Charles H. Hughes, of St. Louis, whose reputation as a neurologist is national. He has sent his protest against the noise and nuisance to the chief of police of his city on the ground that it menaces the public health.

"Is there not some way to stop the

revelry of unbridled motor car lunacy on the streets when sensible people are trying to sleep?" asks Dr. Hughes. "The suppression of unnecessary noises would promote the public health more than any other agency. With modern comfort and quiet, people would live beyond the century mark and would not be hurried to their graves by neurasthenia. The noises of civilization are more than a nuisance. They are a peril to the public health, because they rob people of restful sleep. To rob a person of sleep is as much thievery as to put your hand in his pocket and take his money," continues Dr. Hughes, "for adequate sleep means money, health and life to the man who must labor in order to live."

It has not been long since the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst said that the arrogance of automobilists made anarchists of the people who do not have them. Dr. Hughes adds his testimony to the effect that the noise nuisance will make this a "nation of neurasthenics." Both perhaps, are right. Neurasthenics and anarchists often have much in common.

The matter is one worthy of the serious attention of the City Council when it takes up the Ellett automobile ordinance on Thursday night. There are two controlling reasons that would make an anti-noise law valid, that bed-rock axiom of the common law that a man shall use his property in such a way as not to injure his neighbor, and the principle that the public health must be protected, even at the expense of private pleasure. A man ought to have the right to sleep in peace, without automobiles to the left of him, automobiles to the right of him and automobiles all over him, volleys, thundering, exploding, screaming and howling. The muffler, the soft-voiced horn, and the curfew will solve the problem.

A BILLION FOR GOVERNMENT.

There is much for serious consideration in the reports from Washington that the appropriations for the fiscal year 1911 will amount to one billion dollars. This is not the first time Congress has appropriated so vast a sum for the expenses of government, but it is the second time when this colossal amount was expended for the ordinary expenses of maintaining peace, with only a paltry \$50,000,000 or thereabouts for the Panama Canal.

A billion dollar Congress means that every man, woman and child in America is paying almost \$12 the year for the privilege of living in America, to say nothing of the greater taxes paid every year to American manufacturers through the protective tariff. Twelve dollars the year is not a great sum, and probably represents only about ten days' work for every laboring man in America, since the laborer must pay the taxes of his family. It is less than the French were forced to pay during the Old Regime, and it is probably less than the people of many countries pay to-day, but in proportion to the benefits, derived from the Federal Government, it is a grievous burden heavy to be borne.

The Congress in Washington, and the Federal rule which it represents, does not pay for a policeman on a single corner in any city of any State; it does not maintain courts of justice, except for litigants in special causes; it does not protect a man in his house; it does not guarantee his safety on the streets. Congress merely gives us, in exchange for this tax, peace abroad, postal service and some desultory benefits from the activity of special departments and bureaus.

This does not mean, of course, that Congress should be dispensed with, or that the people have no need of Federal Government; without it we would return to the old political difficulties of Revolutionary days with the added horror of modern anarchy and socialism. This vast expenditure for the Government, however, does mean that we are passing from the age of Republicanism to the age of paternalism; and it means that unless we return to a more simple style of Government and curtail our expenses, we may expect all these evils that follow extravagance in high places and rule against the will of the people.

Maybe it is a good thing for Senator "Bob" Taylor, of Tennessee, that he has decided not to take up the gauntlet in behalf of the Patterson machine in Tennessee. He used to be Governor himself and was a rapid-fire paragon in his day, more or less a la Patterson. Perhaps the Senator thinks it would be the part of wisdom to keep his silence and his seat in the Senate, rather than risk the chance of having his own record disintegrated.

We wish Bailey, of the Houston Post, would tell that friend in West Texas to send along that eagle. With its stretch of pinions, sixty-four inches, it would just about fit the sort of patriotism we have in Richmond, and its presence here might help us to increase the appropriation for the Gees River next year.

Why all this ado about a tablet to mark the patriotic speech of Patrick Henry, when the Carroll Journal says in an article about its "same and safe" Fourth of July celebration: "Rev. H. T. Williams then introduced Hon. Berkley D. Adams, of Charlotte. Mr. Adams addressed his audience on the spirit of independence, with an eloquence equalling that of Patrick Henry or James Otis." In the days when Henry stood at the flood-tide

of his fame there was a Massachusetts Adams who was something of a rival of his, but if the Revolutionary orator of Virginia is to have a rival in this age, it is well that the Adams is of the Old Dominion. What we want to know is: If the historians and patriots are erecting a tablet to Henry, what are they going to do for the Hon. Berkley D. Adams?

William Henry Hoyt, the young man who wrote a book on the so-called Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence and melted that myth under the X-ray of scientific historical truth, has just received his law degree from Harvard. Maybe he isn't going to prosecute the Mecklenburg "believers," but if he happens around the Old North State, the folks had better look up their fables.

There are three mightily disgusted men wandering about this country somewhere, the three citizens from Petersburg who set out to hunt Dr. Cook, at Etah or Utah, they didn't care which. What a sense of disappointment they must have felt when they read that instead of being up among the ice-burys subsisting on gum-drops, which are filled with the oil that makes a Georgian joyous, Frederick, the Great Discoverer, is "summering" in retirement and luxury at Mendoza, in South America, about the hottest place he could have hit.

When the Rev. Jeffries heard that his son had been defeated in the battle at Reno, he submitted with resignation, saying, "I suppose it was the will of the Lord." When Jack Johnson was told about how the negroes in Kansas were holding a prayer-meeting for his success, he said that he believed strongly in the efficacy of prayer, and, while he thanked the colored ministers for their thought of him, he placed especial reliance upon the petitions of his mammy. All this seems very strange to those of us who look upon prize-fighting as barbaric, but the Rev. Jeffries and the negro preachers were both probably sincere from their point of view.

It will not be very long before we shall all be able to say of another eminent personage who is now filling all the space that the newspapers can spare from baseball intelligence what all the sports are saying about the late Jim Jeffries: "He couldn't come back."

Of course, it was to be expected—it is always the fault of the reporter.

Frank Hitchcock is said to be Acting-President, that is to say, he is the ranking member of the only two Cabinet officers who are spending the summer in Washington. If he will run down to Richmond for a day or two when nobody is looking we could tell him a thing or two about how he might improve the situation.

Charlotte is getting ready to put on real city airs, one of the accomplished sergeants of the Richmond police force having been "loaned" to the North Carolina town to put the constables in that place through the setting-up exercises. After the Richmond officer gets through with them, they will look, at least, as if they fitted their uniforms.

Kermit, official photographer to Bwana Tumbo, has gone to Paris to prepare himself for his college duties in the fall. The steady tramp, trumper of the legion of insurgents who surge up Sagamore Hill and then down again interrupted his meditations on the history of philosophy, mediaeval architecture, Russian literature, the ethics of chess and the various other nineteen subjects studied by him at college. Kermit heard about enough of "bully" and "delighted," every day in the noise bothered him so that he could not read more than a foot a day of President Eliot's five feet of liberal education. In the peace and quiet of Paris he will "bone up," as they say, for college. By some distant day he may learn enough to talk about the Irish sagas with Doctor Roosevelt.


Representative Miles Polindexter may not be a member of the Ananias Club yet, but it would not be at all surprising if he were found on the waiting list.

Men may sleep and men may wake, but the fierce hork-honk goes on forever.

A brand new French dictionary has been supplied to this office for the especial purpose of translating the speeches that the three Virginia commissioners are going to make when they present the copy of the Houdon statue to the Republic of France. None of the speakers has yet sent us an advance copy of his address, but we are almost willing to wager that the first words of Senator Don P. Halsey's oration will be: "Sirs, I represent the beautiful, the wonderful, city of Lynchburg, whose people are the wisest and the best," etc. If the eloquent Senator from Lynchburg fail to say something on that order he will yield up his usual likeness in speech to him who said: "I am a citizen of no mean city."

Justice Lorton, of the United States Supreme Court, will address the Virginia Bar Association on July 23 at Hot Springs. Virginia aspirants for the vacancy on the Supreme Court will do well to pay their dues at once to the Association, if they wish to catch the distinguished jurist's eye.

David Jordan Starr, of the Leland Stanford University, thinks that there should be no more prize-fighting in this country, and that football should go out with the prize ring. More people have been injured and killed on the gridiron than in the ring. But we are told that football makes men, while the ring only educates brutes.



Do You Feel This Way?

Do you feel all tired out? Do you sometimes think you just can't work away at your profession or trade any longer? Do you have a poor appetite, and lay awake at nights unable to sleep? Are your nerves all gone, and your stomach too? Has ambition to forge ahead in the world left you? If so, you might as well put a stop to your misery. You can do it, if you will. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will make you a different individual. It will set your lazy liver to work. It will set things right in your stomach, and your appetite will come back. It will purify your blood. If there is any tendency in your family toward consumption, it will keep that dread destroyer away. Even after consumption has almost gained a foothold in the form of a cough, or bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a cure in 98 per cent. of all cases. It is a remedy prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose advice is given free to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice.

Don't be wheedled by a penny-grabbing dealer into taking inferior substitutes for Dr. Pierce's medicines, recommended to be "just as good." Dr. Pierce's medicines are of known composition. Their every ingredient printed on their wrappers. Made from roots without alcohol. Contain no habit-forming drugs. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

His assertions angered Jeffries, who indignantly denied them. Another fight was agreed to and Monroe and Jeffries met in San Francisco. Jeffries knocked Monroe out in this second contest in two rounds. Both fights were bona fide battles.

Elizabeth of Russia. Who did Elizabeth the First of Russia marry? AN HISTORICAL READER. She never married.

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

The Head of Vanderbilt University. Who is the president of Vanderbilt University? JAMES H. KIRKLAND is chancellor of the institution and its immediate head.

The Jeffries-Monroe Fight. Please answer the following through the columns of your paper: "Did Jeffries lose the decision on points or was it a battle of theatrical exhibition with Jack Monroe in Butte, Montana, on December 10, 1907?"

The result of the fight at Butte was a draw. It was a stay-four-rounds fight, the crumbling away of the stone rounds of the night, clinging to Jeffries, Jeffries slipped down accidentally, and Monroe claimed that it was a knockout.

"Music Hath Charms." Please give name of the author of the following verse: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," etc. R. I. W. William Congreve.

IS APPOINTED CHIEF OF FOREIGN OFFICE

BY LA MARQUE DE FONTENAY. SIR ARTHUR NICOLSON, who has just been appointed principal secretary of state for foreign affairs in London, as such becomes permanent chief of the English foreign office, is a brother-in-law of the late Lord Dufferin, and was one of the members of his staff when the marquis was ambassador at Constantinople and high commissioner in Egypt. Sir Arthur is the son of the late Lord Dufferin, married the daughter of John H. Davis, of New York, is one of the senior clerks at the foreign office, and at the head of that particular division thereof which has charge and supervision of the consulates in North America.

Sir Arthur entered the foreign office service forty years ago, and may be said to have received his first training as one of the private secretaries of the late Earl Granville, when the latter was foreign minister. It was while at Constantinople that he married Miss Mary Hamilton, sister of the late Marchioness of Dufferin, and after leaving Egypt was in turn charge d'affaires at Athens and at Teheran, where he did so well that he received a knight command of the Order of the Indian Empire. After a troublesome year in Algiers, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to Morocco, where he remained for nine years, until appointed ambassador at Madrid.

If he was left so long at Tangier, it was because until, at that rate, three years ago, Morocco was considered a leading English sphere of influence. One of the principal danger points of European politics. In fact, the late Lord Salisbury was wont to predict that the next great European war would have its origin in quarrels relating to Morocco, rather than in the Balkans, or anywhere else. Owing to Sir Arthur's extensive experience of Moorish affairs, he was naturally selected to represent Great Britain at the peace conference, and after having attended the wedding of the King and Queen of Spain, he was transferred as ambassador to St. Petersburg, in connection to Sir Charles Hardinge, whom he now again follows as head of the foreign office.

As regards to him as the chief of that department, it is because the secretary of state and minister for foreign affairs changes with the administration, while the chief of the foreign office is put in mildly, ephemeral; whereas, the permanent under secretary of state for foreign affairs, who is in charge of the department, is a permanent fixture. It is he, too, who is in charge of the personnel of the office in Downing Street and of the diplomatic and consular services. He holds all the threads in his hands, and the minister is entirely dependent upon him for the working of the entire department.

While at St. Petersburg Sir Arthur proved a great success in the connection that convention which put an end to the bitter feud of eighty years between Great Britain and Russia, transforming them from foes and giving friends and even allies, and practically removing all danger of an invasion of India by Russia. For half a century had been the one bugbear of every English official in India. For this Sir Arthur was decorated by King Edward with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

Sir Arthur, who is short in stature, slightly bent, with a short-cropped mustache and a light blue eye, is a most agreeable conversationalist, possesses an extraordinary gift of languages and fluency in French, a sense of humor quite unusual in a Scotch baronet, and eyes and manners that inspire sympathy and confidence. His baronetcy is one of the oldest in Scotland, being of the Nova Scotia order, and dating from 1637, when it was created by Charles II. The fourth holder of the baronetcy was also fourth Lord Napier, having inherited the Napier barony from his uncle, but, dying without issue, the peerage devolved on his maternal aunt, while the baronetcy passed to his cousin, Thomas Nicolson. The ninth baronet, great-grandfather of Sir Arthur, served in the English army, here in America, as well as in India, and married the daughter of the first Lord Robertson, and their only son was Sir Frederick Nicolson, who won much distinction in

the Crimean War as an admiral. Sir Arthur Nicolson is his son and successor in the baronetcy, and has three boys, the eldest of whom is captain of the Buffs, and the second a lieutenant in the royal navy.

Every American visitor to London has been struck by the terribly dingy appearance of the facade, and, indeed, of the entire interior, of Buckingham Palace, the metropolitan residence of the sovereign. The building, as it is all right, and architecturally it is a stately enough, and there is nothing to compare with it in the world, is a little grimy, and, thanks to the London smoke and to the chemical substances which the latter contains, is becoming more and more so all the time. When the new memorial to Queen Victoria, in front of the palace, is completed—a huge affair of marble—its whitened facade will further intensify the dirty appearance of Buckingham Palace.

Of course, the most natural remedy to be suggested for this condition of affairs is that the walls of the palace should be painted, and three or four years ago it was proposed to do so. It was vetoed for the purpose. But it was found that the surface of the walls would not take paint properly, owing to an unfortunate discovery. The Prince Consort, husband of Queen Victoria. He had a theory that if the facade were treated with oil, well forced into the material, a surface would be produced which would be capable of resisting the evil effects of the London atmosphere. While this object may have been accomplished, as far as actual deterioration—that is to say, the crumbling away of the stone—is concerned, Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament need constant and costly repairs owing to this process of deterioration and disintegration of the stone; no paint can be applied with success, and the result is that the entire facade of the palace may have to be repainted every few years. The kind will have to be done soon, in order to prevent the King's London home from being a discreditable east eyecore of the British metropolis.

As the present Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir John Lubbock, is in accordance with time-honored usage and unwritten law, a viscountcy on retiring from the House of Commons. The eldest son, Christopher William Lowther, to Miss Ina Pelly, a charming actress, who has recently been appearing in the "Hippodamia" at the Lyceum Theatre. She may be described as another alliance between the peerage and the stage. Christopher Lowther, who is now an attaché of the British legation at Santiago, where his uncle, Sir Gerard Lowther's, place as minister plenipotentiary has recently been taken by another kinsman, H. C. Lowther. But young Christopher Lowther's marriage has led him to sever his connection with the House of Commons, and he has secured an excellent and lucrative appointment in connection with some of the great public works which Sir Westminster Pearson (lately created a peer) is carrying out in Chili.

There is no question, however, of any marriage in the future for Miss Ina Pelly is the youngest daughter of Canon and Mrs. Raymond Pelly, whose kinsman, Sir Harold Pelly, was chief of the family, and who, at his London house, at the Marble Arch, for the ceremony.

It was the bride's elder brother, Douglas Pelly, who so narrowly escaped murder by John Reginald Birchall in Ontario a few years ago. Birchall, a gangster and a man of bad education and manners, had induced young Pelly and one of the latter's friends, F. J. Benwell, to go out to Canada with him from England to learn farming on an estate which he claimed to own, on the banks of the Niagara River, but which he had created by a fraud having secured payment of a large premium from both young men, and possession of most of their money and effects, he proceeded to decoy Benwell into a swamp and shot him there. Birchall's arrest for the murder, his trial at Woodstock, conviction and execution, saved Douglas Pelly from a similar fate, and, abandoning all ideas of farming in Canada, he returned to England and entered the service of the Admiralty. (Copyright, 1910, by the Brentwood Company.)

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